

Fate Intertwined

by PiGirl

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Summary: Hiccup was lonely. Jack felt invisible. Rapunzel was curious. Merida wanted to prove herself. Then they all meet. Fates intertwined. M/M. F/F. Mafia au.

1. Hiccup

****Fate Intertwined****

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><p>ROTG and HTTYD are owned by Dreamworks and their absolutely fantastic writers.<p>

i own nothing, sadly.
>if i do, there will definitely be a crossover.
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* * *

><p>Hiccup was lonely.<p>

He wasn't Hiccup before. No, his name had been Hunter, but not anymore.

Not since he met him.

Not since he met Jack Frost.

And then Hiccup wasn't lonely anymore.

* * *

><p>Hunter is 8. His full name is Harriet Hunter Haddock III. His Dad calls him Hunter, though, to compensate for his apparent lack of brawn, and his less than impressive appearance and an altogether not

fearsome sight. Can't say he blames him. He is small and thin, all pale face and green eyes and freckles all over his body that's too many to count. His left foot was missing, and in its stead was a prosthetic that he'd gotten when that horrible incident happened, but it didn't only took his limb, oh no, but it had taken his Mom as well.<p>

He also has a pet, and it was his only friend, that he named Toothless. Toothless is a boa constrictor he'd gotten from a family friend of theirs and that was one of the best things that ever happened to Hunter. Toothless used to be so small, but now he could easily wrap himself around Hunter if he wanted to, but Hunter still allows him to slither around him especially around his neck because he knows Toothless would never do such a thing to hurt Hunter. He trusts him that much. And Toothless was clever, too clever, that he seemed to understand Hunter a lot, a fact that the boy's father still wonders and bothers with up to this point in time.

And if you're wondering why Hunter doesn't have any friends, well, it's because he never had a chance to go out and meet other kids. Why, he didn't even go to a school! He was home schooled ever since, in that mansion of theirs in a town called Berk, because his Dad thinks it's safer for him.

Which brings us back to our story within the reason of his safety that he met Jack Frost.

* * *

><p>Hunter was 8 when his Dad told him he had a new bodyguard.<p>

He had thrown a fit when he did.

You see, his Dad always thinks he can't handle himself.

It's stupid, really.

Hunter can handle himself just fine. He is the best in handling guns, in fact, he is a sharp shooter at the tender age of 7, and also their best marksman at that time. Gobber, his Dad's second in command, says he's a natural and that it's his talent, along with his stubbornness and his inability to listen to orders and his sarcasm. But his Dad doesn't know that. Because he was stubborn (well, he had to get his from someone) to believe that Hunter was weak and small and fragile as a delicate glass.

Seriously.

But the thing is, Hunter had a lot of expectation to meet. Being the son of "Stoick the Vast", head of the most fearsome Mafia family, "the Vikings", well, you couldn't expect that Hunter would be that delicate little boy, now, could you?

Still, he didn't understand the need of a new bodyguard.

And after he had just gotten rid of the last one, too. It took some time to shake him off and make him leave (read: piss him off and scare him to death). Honestly, where were all those bodyguards coming from anyway? Maybe he could do something about it tooâ€¦|

Anyway, after he blew up at his Dad, he stomped all the way to the backyard (with difficulty as stomping was kind of hard to do with a prosthetic), refusing to talk to anyone, especially his Dad. He'd taken Toothless with him, though, and the reptile was too happy to get out of that silly tank and play with Hunter. Maybe comfort him, too, as the boy's distress was rolling off of him in waves.

That didn't count as talking to anybody since Toothless can't talk, right?

About sometime, though, Hunter noticed someone watching them. He didn't care at first since guards were littered all over the place but somehow, all that someone had been doing was watching them. He didn't know him, too, so his first instinct was to aim his gun (he always kept it with him as the possibility of danger was always there) at the trespasser, but before he could shoot, the said trespasser jumped out of his hiding place, his hands held up to show he was not a threat but Hunter was nothing but wary of strangers.

And though he did not shoot, he still aimed his gun right straight at the guy's heart, and if he so much as dare make a wrong move—

On his lap, Toothless hissed.

"Woah, wait, squirt, I was only watching you. You seemed like you're having fun and, well, thought maybe I could join you guys—"

Hunter began scrutinizing the stranger's appearance. The first thing that came up to his mind was, "odd".

The guy must have been 12-13 years old, tops, but that's not why Hunter thinks he's odd.

Neither was the way he talked to him so casually, albeit a little embarrassed, like he didn't taken into account that if Hunter were to pull the trigger—

No. that's also not the reason why.

It was the way he looked, with that snow white hair and blue eyes that matched the hoodie he wore, it was all so—familiar. Like they have met, but they haven't and Hunter really couldn't explain it.

So he lowered the gun he was holding. He was bored now, anyway—

"Sit here," he ordered the stranger, patting the space beside where he sat.

The stranger smiled at him.

That was when the name came to him.

Jack Frost.

His Mom told him stories about the winter spirit before, and well, the stranger looked like him somehow—

The stranger took the seat offered (well, more like ordered

to_).

"I'll call you Jack Frost," Hunter told him.

"I have a name, you know," the stranger replied.

"Don't care. You're Jack Frost," the boy shot back.

"All right," the stranger relented.

And then there was that awkward silence.

Only to be broken when suddenly, Hunter hiccupped, which made him go red and the strang- _Jack_ to burst with laughter.

"You - _*hic*_ - stop it - _*hic*_!," Hunter yelled at him.

Jack seemed to have noticed his mistake and stopped.

But not for long.

A chuckle escaped from his lips, and then another, until he burst out laughing again.

Hunter was itching to shoot him between his eyes, really. That would get him to stopâ€|

"Sorry," Jack said, struggling to stop laughing, "there, I'm done. That was soâ€| _cute." _

Hunter raised an eyebrow at him.

"It is, really," Jack swore, "it's adorable. I'll call you Hiccup from now on, too."

"And I'm going to shoot you," Hunter snapped.

That made Jack panic. "Wait, don't, come on, can't you take a joke, you just christened me and all, can't I do that, tooâ€|" He continued rambling until he heard a snicker.

Hunter, no, _Hiccup_, was laughing.

Something seemed to click and before they knew it, they were both laughing.

* * *

><p>From that window on that aforementioned mansion in Berk, Stoick watched his only son laugh with his new found friend. Maybe it was a right decision to hire someone so young, so he could follow Hunter wherever he goes. He's been thinking about sending Hunter to school, because Hunter had been asking for it ever since. That Overland boy had shown enough skill to protect his heir, so it wouldn't be much of a problem. Besides, Gobber says Hunter can handle his own fight, and although he doubts it, he just had to have faith.<p>

But right now, he wonders how long it would last, his laughter. It was nice to hear, bringing back such warm memories into the household. It had been so longâ€|

* * *

><p>Jack and Hiccup spent their afternoon that way, just talking and laughing. It was nice for Hiccup. He hadn't laughed that much ever since his Mom died. Jack told him a lot of things, and in turn, Hiccup told him some stories.<p>

Their stories got deeper and they got to their pasts, and somehow, they seemed to be able to trust each other that way and confide to each other. Besides, it was nice to get it all off your chest have somebody else tell you something in return for it, in a way of comfort.

Jack told him that he was an orphan, that his parents died in a car crash with his sister, and that his horrible uncle Pitch took him in, only to make him work for him. He ran away, though, when his drinking problems got worse and began hurting him. He went to an orphanage for a while but it didn't suit him at all, so he ended up running away again.

Hiccup told Jack that when he was 3, he and his mother got kidnapped by some thugs. The police got notified though, since a passerby had seen them when they were taken and the police proceeded to catch the said kidnappers. In panic, the thugs that kidnapped them had ran off, but not before burning the building they were in, to obliterate all evidence. While it was burning though, Hiccup somehow untied the rope and he and his Mom looked for a way out. A burning beam collapsed over them though and his mother pushed Hiccup out of the way, but it still struck Hiccup's left foot. His mother on the other handâ€¦|

Jack and Hiccup sat there for a while (with Toothless, of course) in companionable silence.

Then, Hiccup made the mistake of asking Jack what he was really doing in the hedge in the first place.

"Oh that," Jack said nonchalantly, "I was watching you. I'm your new bodyguard, see?"

Well, damn.

* * *

><p>And it's finished! Well, the first chapter is...<p>

Ah yeah... this one was the product of a sleepless night...

the idea was going in around my head for quite some time now so i decided to just go do it...

anyway, this has been inspired by demitasse-lover's young master and young mistress on DA...

art cover by her too...

i'll continue this some other night...when insomnia doesn't let me sleep again.

see you next time for Jack's turn. R&R pls.

2. Jack

****Fate Intertwined****

* * *

><p>Thanks for the reviews guys. Love yah all, I really do. And I'm alright now, so on with the story. And also thanks to all those that bid me to get well soon. Sorry for worrying you guys.<p>

Sorry if this took too long! Anyway, it's Jack's turn. Same storyline as Hiccup's, only in Jack's POV.

And if you're wondering, which you probably aren't, I don't do accents. Just imagine, 'kay?

**Same disclaimer as always.**

* * *

><p>Jack felt invisible.<p>

So much that sometimes he thinks that he'll never be seen forever.

But Hiccup did.

Hiccup saw him.

And then it didn't matter if he was invisible to the world, just as long Hiccup sees him.

* * *

><p>Stupid orphanage. Bang! Stupid Pitch. _Bang!_ Stupid age. _Bang!_

Too young, my ass, he thought as he fired another bullet on that stupid target. It hit the target as always. So what if he's twelve?! Can't they see that he's already more than capable of doing a job?

Nobody paid attention to him. He was just a little kid, why bother? It was as if he was invisible. He might as well be.

He was invisible.

He started clipping the same target over and over again, when suddenly-

"Jackson!"

Oh damn. "What?!" Jackson turned around to see Aster's ugly mug. Man, not now. He's not in a mood to fight him. _Again._

"North's looking for you. What've you done now, huh?"

"Haven't done anything. Yet."

He gathered his things and purposefully strode to North's office. While walking, he felt his annoyance disappear, replaced with a little bit of worry. Just a _little bit_. He hadn't done anything yet, right? All he did was clip that stupid target with his bullets all morning. He can't get in trouble for that, right?

Right?

"Hey, North. You called?"

Once he was inside, he did a double take. Sitting in the room, in front of North, was a _large_, large man. Why, he was as big as North and he was ever so sure that North was the biggest man he ever saw in his _horrific_ life.

"Ah, yes, Jackson, come over here, now lad, when did you suddenly get so shy, huh? I want you to meet Mr. Steve Haddock," he gestured to the man beside him.

"Go ahead and call me Stoick, North, we've been through this," the man rebuffed and held out his huge hand for Jackson to shake.

"Jackson Overland, sir," he said taking the man's hand. This man certainly radiated a sense of authority in him, but no, he was Jackson Overland and he doesn't scare easy. He wasn't the least bit intimidated, no, not really.

No, he isn't, I tell you. He's justâ€¦_wary_.

"Aye, lad, you see, Stoick is looking for someone to guard his only son and I thought, why not you? I mean, he's almost your age andâ€¦"

"Woah, wait, he's almost my age? What, you're making _me_ his babysitter?"

"Ah, no, Jackson, he's 8, but he certainly does not need a babysitter," Stoick immediately defended. "Sure, he can be a handful sometimes but he's a good ladâ€¦ Just, it's just that he's been talking about school and whatnot, and I thought that if his bodyguard could come with him in there then there wouldn't be a problem at all, right? And besides, North told me you're good, and judging from that gun you've hidden in your pocket, I'm sure North's telling the truth."

How did heâ€¦? Wait, that's not even important! What's he talking about? School? "North? What-?"

"Ah yes, wonderful, Jackson. Stoick, I believe that's that. You should go, _da_? I just need to talk to Jackson here for a while, about job. I'll be sending him tomorrow at your ahhâ€¦ _residence_. Give you time to explain to Hunter about Jack, no? Yes, that'll be good," North cut him off. Jackson glared at the robust man but North shook him off. What really pissed him off was that knowing smile the man had on his face. What the hell does that even mean?

* * *

><p>Anyway, as soon as Stoick left, Jackson exploded. "Really, North? I know that I've been asking for a job-<p>

"-begging, actually, if I recall-"

"-but that doesn't mean I want to be a babysitter! He's like 8! What am I going to protect him from? Spiders? And what is he saying about school? I don't wanna-"

"Jackson, stop." North sighed. "Hunter, isn't very normal kid. You've seen Stoick, _da_? He's the head of a Mafia family. A very big Mafia family. Stoick worries about son much, been through a lot, kidnapping and all. Hunter's been asking to go to school, meet others, but Stoick worries for son's safety. So of course I recommended you! You can handle it, no? You can follow him wherever, make sure he's safe. But more importantly, boy needs friend. I'm sure you'll do good, Jackson." There it was again, that stupid knowing smile. But there was something about what he said that stuck in the young boy's head.

Aâ€¦ friendâ€¦

* * *

><p>A friend, huh.<p>

North's words earlier were stuck in Jackson's head. Maybe, just maybeâ€¦

_ 'No, you don't Jackson,'_ he chided himself._ 'Who're you kidding? You'll be a bodyguard. Just that. You'll just have to tail him, keep him out of trouble, you know, guardian-esque. Why would he want to be your friend? Besides, he's probably just some stuck-up brat,'_ he convinced himself.

But he couldn't stop hoping.

_ 'I need to find a distraction,'_ Jackson thought. So of course, as distractions go, Jackson found himself going towards the shooting range. _Again._

He shouldn't have done that.

He was just loading his gun when he heard somebody talking behind him.

"Hey, did you hear? The kid's getting a new one."

Jackson looked around, pissed. As far as he knew, he was the only one here they call '_kid_'. And seriously, _gossiping?_ And behind him, at that. _' Couldn't they even have decency to stay away from the one they are talking about? Oh, right, they don't care about me. Invisible, remember? '_

He was about to kick that person's ass when-

"Hell yeah, I heard. And they said it's gonna be that white-haired kid from around here. Poor guy."

Wait, what? He's the only white-haired kid around here, isn't he? Then who was the one they were talking ab- wait, it couldn't be him, right? What was his name? Harold? Hamish? Ah, no, it's Hunter. Weird name. He stopped on his tracks. He wanted to hear what it is about his little charge.

'No, I'm not eavesdropping. Certainly not gossiping either.'
Right?

Damn right.

"Poor guy, my ass. He's like an arrogant bastard. He's just a kid, for Pete's sake! What I would give to break him a little."

Jackson clenched his fists. 'Don't start a fight, don't start a fight,' he chanted in his head.

"Exactly! He's just a kid! Do you know what the little devil did on his last bodyguard? He freakin' aimed a gun at Deke! And used him for target practice! And the one before him? Set his pet python on him!"

"Uh, I heard it was a boa constrictor-"

"Shut up, Fred! Who cares what it's called? That kid's just plain the devil!"

"Good then. They deserved each other."

That's it. Jackson walked out of his hiding place (yeah, he hid, geez, it's not like they noticed him or something but well, habits die hard) and delivered a punch to the bastard's face.

* * *

><p>So he's a devil, huh.

Great, just great. Some stuck-up brat with psychotic tendencies. He shouldn't have said yes. (Well, technically, he didn't.)

At least, that's what Jackson was thinking whilst North was driving him to Stoick's residence.

Residence, his ass. It's a freaking mansion. A freaking huge mansion.

Once they reached the doors though

"YOU WHAT?! But but I've just gotten rid I mean, the last one had just 'resigned'! Why the hurry? I I you NO! I won't have it! I can take care of myself! I've told you that a million times, Dad!" Then they heard crashing and a door being slammed and a resounding sigh that most probably came from Stoick.

Oh gods. Oh gods. He's a brat. He's a brat!

"North-"

"Jackson, we talked about this, no?"

"But you heard him! He doesn't even want a bodyguard! What the hell-"

"Fine then. Let's have a deal. You go check on him, if he does not treat you right, we go. But if you get along well, even if just tiny, little bit, you stay. Deal?"

"But-"

"Deal?"

"Deal," Jackson sighed. There's no way he's gonna stay with the little twerp. He's so out of here after this.

"Go. I will talk to Stoick."

He made a run for it.

* * *

><p>Some minutes later, Jackson found himself lost in the little forest they call a garden.<p>

"Geez, what the hell is even this? Who puts a maze in their garden? It's probably for the little twerp's trap." Jackson didn't want to sound whiny, not at all, but he's tired of _everything._ North, Aster, that bastard Pitch, and everyone else that makes him feel invisible. Worthless. Nobody even trusts him. Sure, North said he's entrusting this job to him, but Jackson bets he just said that because nobody else would take the damn job.

'No way. No way I'm gonna fall for this', Jackson told himself.
'Now how to get out.'

There were several guards around but no way he was gonna ask them for help. He took silent steps, making sure he wouldn't be noticed. _Not that hard, considering he was invisible._

No, he was not embarrassed. He can get out of here if he wanted to. He just needed some time.

Yeah, that's right. Just taking _some_ time.

Jackson was on that line of thinking when he suddenly heard the most beautiful sound he ever heard in his whole pathetic life.

Laughter.

With quick, silent steps, he made his way to where the sound was coming from.

"Stop it- wait- don't, oh toothlessâ€¦| how many times do I have to tell you not to- No!"

And then there was that hearty laughter again that made Jackson's insides feel like they're made of mush. It felt familiar, but he was _quite_ sure they haven't met yet. He'll remember if they did. There's no way he was gonna forget something like that. And what was

that feeling, seriously? He felt his face warming up, and he was _tingly._ What the hell was happening to him?

"Fine, thank you, Toothless. There, happy? I know you're only doing that to cheer me up. Sorry for being so negative. But, I just can't get it. Why doesn't he even believe in me? Can't he even trust me?"

Jackson inhaled a little sharply. Who was that? _Believe? Trust?_ Wow, that just hit a nerve.

"I mean, I can take care of myself. Gods know I'm more than capable of doing that. I know Dad meant well butâ€¦"

Oh, so it's the brat. But from what he's been hearingâ€¦|

A step. Two steps. Slowly, very slowly, he hid behind a hedge. Then with every intention on seeing _his_ little charge, he peeked out of his hiding place.

Jackson felt his breath stop.

Silence.

There, sitting on the ground, a huge snake draped across a slender freckled neck, talking and laughing, was the most beautiful boy Jackson has ever seen in his whole life. Auburn hair, pale face strewn with freckles, a lithe frame, oh gods, Jackson felt his breath hitch.

He felt panic boil up in his stomach. _'What the hell?_'

No, he was not nervous.

Besides, he wouldn't be able to see Jackson. He was invisible, remember?

'He can't see me. He can't see me. He can't see me.'

But all that time, there was something in the back of his brain saying, _'please notice me. Please notice me. Please notice me.'_

He jumped when the boy suddenly pulled out a gun aimed at him. On the boy's lap, the snake hissed. _'He saw me!_'

He quickly pulled out an excuse. "Woah, wait, squirt, I was only watching you. You seemed like you're having fun and, well, thought maybe I could join you guysâ€¦|" He chuckled to hide his panic.

'He saw me. He noticed. He saw me.'

He could feel the boy scrutinizing every inch of him and he couldn't help but feel conscious. _'What the hell? It's just the brat! Besides, you don't want the job, and he doesn't want you!_'_

And then there was that tiny voice in his head again. 'B_ut he wasn't a brat, remember? He's just like you! You heard him! And what if he changed his mind? What if North's telling you the truth? What if he really needs a friend? What if he wanted you to be his friend?'

What if, what if, what if.

Just like you. Just like him. Similar. The same.

'_Stop!_', he chided himself, '_stop hoping.'_

But he couldn't.

He couldn't stop hoping.

He watched as the boy lowered his gun. Without the gun blocking his view of the boy's face, blue eyes connected with green.

Familiar?

"Sit here," _his_ little charge ordered, authority in his little voice, but nevertheless sent multitudes of tiny butterflies fluttering in Jackson's stomach. It was clear he doesn't trust him yet, but he was trying.

He smiled.

Jackson smiled.

He took the seat '_offered_' and waited for _his_ little charge to speak.

"I'll call you Jack Frost," _he_ told him.

He almost sputtered with his reply. _What's with this kid?_ "I have a name, you know."

"Don't care. You're Jack Frost," _he_ shot back.

"Alright," he relented, holding back a snicker.

That name. It was the first time somebody called him anything other than Jackson. It feltâ€¦nice.

But then there was that awkward silence.

Only to be broken when suddenly, _he_ hiccupped, which made him go red _('so cute!' Jackson, no, Jack, thought_) and made him burst with laughter.

"You - *_hic*_ - stop it - *_hic*," he_ yelled at him.

Jack realized his mistake and stopped.

But not for long.

A chuckle escaped from his lips, and then another, until he burst out laughing again.

He can see _him_ starting to get annoyed. It was soâ€¦_adorable._

"Sorry," _Jack_ said, struggling to stop laughing, "there, I'm done.

That was soâ€¦ cute."

He raised an eyebrow at him. He suddenly had an idea.

"It is, really," _Jack_ swore, "it's adorable. I'll call you Hiccup from now on, too."

"And I'm going to shoot you," _Hiccup_ snapped back.

That made Jack panic. Well, just a little. I mean it. Just a little tiny bit.

Really just a _tiny_ little bit.

He seriously forgot the boy had a gun! "Wait, don't, come on, can't you take a joke, you just christened me and all, can't I do that, tooâ€¦" He continued rambling until he heard a snicker.

Hiccup was laughing. It was beautiful. It was wonderful.

Something seemed to click and before they knew it, they were both laughing.

* * *

><p>They just talked and laughed all afternoon. It was all new to Jack, having someone to really talk to and listen to him. And Hiccup listens. He really does. He hasn't laughed that much ever sinceâ€¦<p>ever sinceâ€¦<p>

Jack trusted Hiccup, and so he told him about his mother and Mary. He told him everything. How there was an accident, and only Jack survived. There was a crash and it was dark and it was cold and Jack was so afraid. His mother protected him and Mary, but then she was gone. Jack tried to protect Mary, but he failed. His Mom died, Mary died, they all left Jack. And it was all Jack's fault.

"It wasn't," Hiccup told him.

And this time, _this time_, Jack believed.

He was able to forgive himself.

Because of Hiccup.

And right now, he made an oath to himself.

He won't fail again.

He'll protect Hiccup.

That'll never happen to Hiccup ever again.

Because as Jack trusted Hiccup with his past, with his flaws, with his problems, Hiccup did the same for Jack.

Hiccup told Jack that when he was 3, he and his mother got kidnapped. It was how he lost his left foot, and his mother.

It was why Dad was so overprotective of him, and he didn't trust

Hiccup to be able to protect himself.

Because Hiccup was broken.

Jack told him that his horrible uncle Pitch took him in, only to make him work for him. He ran away, though, when he began hurting him and his drinking problems got worse. He went to an orphanage for a while but it didn't suit him at all, so he ended up running away again.

Jack was also broken, it seems.

But it didn't matter anymore.

Because together, they are whole.

Together, they are fixed.

Together.

Jack and Hiccup sat there for a while (with Toothless, of course) in companionable silence.

Then, Hiccup made the mistake of asking Jack what he was really doing in the hedge in the first place. Jack forgot (again) that Hiccup still didn't know that he was his new bodyguard. He got nervous all of a sudden.

But no matter, Jack thought, _if he wants me to do it or not. I promised myself and I'll do it._ So with that, Jack tried to suppress the tension a little.

"Oh that," Jack said nonchalantly, "I was watching you. I'm your new bodyguard, see?"

"Oh," was all Hiccup said. Then he suddenly stood up and left.

It felt horrible for Jack.

It hurt.

He made his way to call North. He had probably left by now.

"Hello North?," Jack said, his voice still small from the rejection.

"Ah, Jackson, so how was it?"

Jackson? He doesn't feel like it was his name anymore. He was Jack.
He is Jack.

"I'll take the job," he sighed. _You win._

"Ah, wonderful, I thought so. So then you'll be fine there, yes?"

"Yeah, sure. Thanks, North."

You're wrong, North. It wasn't him who needs me. It's me who needs him.

"Alright, then. And remember Jack, don't lose hope, wonder's not lost, keep dreaming, and make good memories. Have fun!"

The phone beeped, signaling end of transmission.

What does he mean by that?

He was startled when suddenly his phone rang again.

"Hey, North, what do you mean-?"

"_Who's North? It's me, doofus. You're my bodyguard, so haul your ass up here, we're going out. Dad won't let me out alone, and I'm not good at sneaking out. Hurry up, Jack."_

The phone beeped again.

Jack was ecstatic.

He was lying about the sneaking thing, he can tell.

He wants Jack for the job.

He wants Jack for the job!

North was right. What the hell, North was always right!

Sort of.

They need each other.

A resounding yell came from the second floor.

"JACK FROST, I SAID HURRY UP!"

Shit.

"Coming!"

He almost flew up the stairs.

* * *

><p>I SAW THE HtTyD2 TEASER! OMG IT'SÂ€|IT'SÂ€| I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO SAY!** HICCUP'S DAMN HOT!** They really meant it when they called it a teaser! XD

That's long. Oh, and sorry if that's horrible. I think I'm still not right in the head. When am I ever? R&R guys, 'kay?

* * *

><p>AUTHOR'S NOTE

>That's what I was supposed to be posting last July 19. Right exactly after the exams week. But Accountancy week came and my schedule was even more messed up than usual. And Lottie was damn upset. She broke her promise to herself on uploading on time and not going back to that hideous hospital. That's right. I went back. Had to. Lottie fainted. Mom won't tell me what happened but she said

Lottie's fine now. So I believe her. So the story's like this. Lottie fainted last Tuesday (at least that's what Mom said), and I woke up Sunday, and Mom was crying. Don't tell her, but I heard her talking to the doctor, something about no responses and a punctuation mark? A comma or something? Meh, who cares. I asked her why she's crying, but she just said she was happy Lottie wake up and Lottie passed all her exams_! XD_

So yeah, Lottie's fine now. Again. I hope I'm not going back anymore. Please enjoy the story. Means a lot to me. and Punzie's story is next, but I've just started it so it might take some time. Sorry for the delay. Hope it won't take as much time as Jack's.

End
file.